

Legacy

By Susan S. Calfee

The street where I grew up wears spring
like a young girl's petticoats.
Dogwoods dot the lawns with lace,
the ivory canopy ribboned by a bluebird sky.

Yet the green steals the show.
A celadon explosion of leaf, blade and vine,
an emerald cloak of haute couture
outshining frill and froth.
A green that out-does Oz.

Into this verdant wonder-world
I have enticed my bearded sons to stroll.
"Not memory lane," they groan,
though each offers me an arm.

I long to show them off like shining trophies.
Maybe we'll pass a neighbor who will remember
the boys from their teddy bear days,
when I rolled them along
these same olive avenues.

We amble past sacred places
where lemonade stands and moonlight kisses
marked childhood's map,
my past portioned out like heirlooms,
pearls tossed on a carpet of jade.

Will my sons revere our pilgrimage
or simply recall a spring walk?
Will they treasure the gems of my youth,
or remember just the petal-flutter
in our wake?

Do they see the child in the mother
or only the arbor of maternal love?
Does it matter?
Maybe the green is enough.

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